

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how cross:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth*. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth*. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Kugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Nor i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and lone of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth*. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spite the World.

1. *Murth*. And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'th of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth*. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth*. Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you,
Within this houre, or most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keepe him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fare
Of that darke houre: resolue your selues apart,
He come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. He call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Macbeth's* Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his lecture,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit*.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter *Macbeth*.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'll close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:

After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepe well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:

Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*;
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleane* liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Barith flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowfie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepe me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
Soprythee goe with me. *Exeunt*.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murderers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?

3. *Macbeth*.

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliueus
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.

1. Then stand with vs:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurs the later Traueller apace.
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approaches
The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

1. His Horses goe about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter *Banquo* and *Fleane*, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good *Fleane*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We haue lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. *Exeunt*.